

In the streepeers and theatre manugers last week proved a somewhat serious disappointment, neither the artistic note the financial standards maintained coming wholly up to expectations. For the first mettioned class of people, the sudden lines of E. H. Sothern and the consequent in the language world of the National constituted a bad beginning. Of course, Mr. Sothern is a very poor actor, but this productions of the same early are worth seeing, and his supporting campany invariably is excellent. Then, too, the footight awashbuckler has a large number of real admirers, and these enhanced in designation of the Sunken Bell' and "The Kink's Misketters' were intelevable. Because of this fact, the darkness of the bounce in question resulted in a considerable mondard first policy and seasons that, and they should are not this fact, the darkness of the bounce in question resulted in a considerable mondard first policy large world have mourned his absence that they been informed in advance that they should clause of this fact, the darkness of the bounce in question resulted in a considerable mondard first policy large world with the same excellent of the same o pension of its powerful competitor, the Grand, not serving to force diversion seek-ers to "Devil's Island," a wretched comb-

pension of its powerful compettor, the Grand, not serving to force diversion seek-crs to "ibevit's Island," a wretched combination of rattle-trap play and incompetent players. Misco's "City Club" kept the ticket rack at Kernac's in an empty state, and the minor platform and stage performances were reasonably attended. The average of the week was not discouraging merely disappointing.

The privilege of witnessing presentations of "Three Little Lamis" and of "The Man in the Moon, Jr.," must have convinced Washingtonians that the saving ingredient in such concections is the cullinary and theatrical spice known as ginger. A score that is full of hurry and bustle, lyris who are pretty and vivacious, comelians of some ingrouity, and a liberal display of starred and striped bunting will do inore for such a production than might is done by all the scholarly composition and high-C voices in creation. Without the bustle and the bunting, the ginger and the girls, "Three Little Lambs" would have proved and store of cover give you the anadorful covering the bustles and the bunting, the ginger and the girls, "Three Little Lambs" would have proved in the scholarly composition and high-C voices in creation. Without the bustle and the bunting, the ginger and the girls, "Three Little Lambs" would be very proved.

Three Little Lambs "would have proved in the fact of binned for our proved or exalted is quite true. It is were given to be our proved or exalted is quite true. It is were only the fact of binned for our proved or exalted is quite true. It is were given to be supposed to every give true.

by all the scholarly composition and highC voices in creation. Without the bustle
and the busting, the ginger and the girls,
"Three Little Lambs" would have proved
a serious and "The Man in the Moon Jr.,
a doleful affair.

The R. A. Barnet and E. W. Corliss
piece was a genuinely pleasing compilation, and yet it could have been written by
any reasonably clever pennya-liner in
newspaper circles. Its originality was that
which might be shown in map-making or
history-recording. Mr. Barnet apparently
had worked on the idea that wholesale
thievery is less deepleabse than retail, for
several of the lines interpolated already
had been used to advantage by the late
and very much lamested Joseph Millor.
The meiodies, while charmingly tuneful,
were equally reminiscent. Only Reginald
de Koven, who once adapted "The Man
Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and
utilized it as a finale in a comic opera,
could pose as a physiaristic competitor of
Mr. Corliss, whose "Little Lola Little"
was aimrly "Linger Longer Luny" with an
occasional misplaced note. The plot of
"Three Little Lambs" was absolutely unfathomable. But the offering had a dezen
remarkably amusing bits—such bits as was
remarkably amusing bits—such bits as remarkably amusing bits—such bits as a
re "Three Little Lamba" was absolutely un-fathomable. But the offering had a dezen remarkably amusing bits—such bits as was the delightful buriceque on "Becky Sharp"—and these, together with the necessition described above, rendered it truly inter

worst fault of "The Man in the " was its magnitude-the magnitude of everything, from the produ tion to the press agent's prevarientions Folk who went to the Columbia were disappointed. They had been led to expect magnificent scenery, beautiful effects, and 400 players. They saw a presentation adequate, but not unusual. Then, too, the numerous excellent trifles in the vehicle were positively buried beneath a mass of wholly valueless rubbish. Had Louis Harrison and Stanislaus Stange taken their theme, a couple of their trav-esties, the first of the Sam Bernard monoogues, and a few ballets they might have fashioned an extravanganza satisfactory to the most captions. As matters were, those in attendance were so tired by the worthless interpolations that they were never in the mood to appreciate the bet

and, according to current doctrines, that fact disposes of all reason for criticism.

Apropos of last Sunday's interview with Katherine Grey, who then explained the hasis of her recent legal proceeding against Richard Mansfield, the attention of The Times has been called to, an article by James C'Donnell Ben-nett, recently printed in the "Chicago Journal." Three things prompt the re-production of the essay—first, the fact that present circumstances give the dispute a local interest; second, a desire to be diogether fair, and, last but not least, the extreme eleverness of Mr. Bennett's remarks. The publication, which was headed "The Lady and the Lawsuit," fol-

The usual biennial attempt to lost Mr. Mans-field's treasury is about due, and histrionic medicerity, from the blue-lowied loafers of the Rialio to the scene-string barn-stormers of the one-night-stand op'ry home, is licking its chops

eloqueet shoulders to remark that Mr. Mansfield has been guilty of "at least un-Clessterfieldian conduct."

A reasonable explanation of this predilection A reasonable explanation of this predilection for lawants which characterizes so many of Mr. Mansfield's quendless compleyes lies in the fact that are certain that if they win he can pay. The knowledge that none of them has won prives no discouragement. They continue to gaze with a yearning and covering get out his teneral special trains thundering across a thousand miles of these trains in twenty four hours, on his busies and servants, his exempted hours, on his busies and servants, his exempted have been added to the contemplation the heart of them is filled with a great desire.

ting these things, you will think medican that he should find so ditt is his splendlid entourage of today who never achieved our single r loot and spric.
It was so with the great Garriel. Indeed,
lies but it so:

Things have come to a pass where anybody, at ancually, can call Mr. Manufold a ruther as

tall exaggration in the interviews which charge him with laving flamied himself as a genie, and therefore privileged to say or do any law-less thing he please.

That Mr. Mannield should regard himself as one endowed with somewhat more than ordinary gifts is quite likely.

He could hardly escape having an inking of that fact.

hat first.

Even so some and gratic a soul as Ellen Terry,
onfessed to conscibing like the same impression
oncerning braself in the course of an hour's talk
due had with an interviewer the other day.

"I wall not deny," she said, "that there have
seen times when I tell there was something about come gift or spell—which give me a er over my au lemest." ow, after that naive confession, diall hands and jump upon gentle ellen!

Now, after that mave confession, shall we all join hards and jump upon gentle cillen? Hardly. Something like that I fancy Mr. Mansfeld may have said, but that he uttered the "Behold-a-Gerius, Bow Wow, Bow Wow" rot that his fair prosentirs-to-de credits him with, I do not helicity. For you see, he has a serve of humor and a keen appreciation of the lidderous. Goes, however, he exercised this appreciation and to his own disconfiture upon a reporter who isolied into his dressing-room at a Commant theatre with the brilliant question: "How do you regard yourself as an actor?"

Mr. Mansfeld, without Milting a lash, cracked back with, "Oh, I think I'm the greatest hum since Garrick." The danger in answering a fool recording to his folly was aptly illustrated in this instance. For this particular fool diant lauth, as per expectation, but went his assimile way and primited the quip in chilling type.

Mr. Mansfeld has often confessed that his never got how its relative hard man to work with. Some such remark as that has been twisted into the "Laura-gening" rubbind the papers have been making so mech et, you may be sure. Some such remark as that has been twisted into the menight-stand op'ry home, is licking its chops are the prospect of seeing a great man once nore humiliated and haraseed.

As to the exact merrits of the present contention that Mr. Mansfield is both a fool and a suite-and suncthing of a knave-it is as yet impossible to speak with entire certainty.

The fair prosecutivis-to-be, who desires for her accepted feelings a golden halm to the tune of 25,000 has done all the talking so far.

Mr. Mansfield's version of the tale, if he ever fives it—which he will not—may present the natter in quite a different aspect.

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The Times cannot agree with Mr. Bennett in all the opinions he has expressed—cannot agree with snyone who endeavors to reflect upon Miss Grey's character as an artist—but it is willing to concede that

much of the scandal-cyclone that always has raged about Mr. Mansfield is due to the motion of personally-conducted elec-

yearning and covering eye on his teneral special trains thundering across a thousand miles of faces realms in twenty-four hours, on his houses and severals, his some hours, on his houses and severals, his some and his asses, of which he has averral print specimens in his sampley and the things that are his. And is the contemplation the heart of them is filled with a great desire.

A desergest his ears loved for a wanton imposednee, and he sues. A trusted socretary is caught in a deal with teket speculators and is discharged. He sues. Sills women, half-trained in the art of acting, get the affectations slang-whanged out of them. They sue, A valuar parvisus becomes possessed of the delasion that he has written the best pilly amplosely has written the heart of new of these smilt being gained? Upon my word, I haven't.

Hearty our heard of one of these smilts being gained? Upon my word, I haven't.

Hearty the funnital aspects of the case were to be considered it wouthn't be worth considering at all.

But invalidity these funcial liftgations detract from the eligibly of a great artist and noble man.

That Is the reason—and the only reason—the public has a right to know the Tenth about the Magashid string habit.

For people who think ouse before they speak at all, to labored defence of the present master of our stage will be required. They will assess of amusement, for example, and a stonishing influx of communications are relative to the article on excessive charges at places of amusement, for example, and a stonishing influx of communications radializes for the aximal several of the letters received show considerable bitterness. As usual, the majority are anonymous, but a few of the letters received show considerable bitterness. As usual, the majority are anonymous, but a few of the letters received show continuities for the letters received show continuities of the letters received show cont

The dramatic editor of The Times is in re-ceipt of an original poem penned by Otis Skinner, and entitled "My Daughter's Vai-entine." Matinee girls, who are shocked at the information that Mr. Skinner owns to a daughter old enough to care for valen-tines that do not come in the form of teething rings, will find consolution in the scovery that the actor really has claims

a laureateship. The verses follow When, thre' the cark of winter's dark, Two big, bright, black eyes shine Like stars above, 'Tis Cornelia, love-My little Valentine.

Feat not, sweetheart, the' we're apart, That editor forms than thine Make me undrue To your to you, My sweetest Valentine.

For, had I crown of purest gold, Or holy, leveled shrine, I'd give my store To be your Valentine

And when Old Time shall reap my years God grant to me You still chall be ar father's Valentine.

Seriously, Mr. Skinner would do well to look into the history of the man who reputed to have made a fortune by writin

At last, the purists, who believe tha ublic morals are best regulated by the olice, have had their way, and Olga ethersole has been arrested, charged with giving an indecent performance. Shades of David Garrick, but Alphonse Daudet must have been tempted to turn flp flops in his grave at learning that the story which he dedicated to his son has really shocked a city that, during three years, has found 'th enjoyment in such theatriest offerings as "The Conquerors," "The Girl From Paris," "The Telephone Girl, "The Turtle, Mile Fig. Zaza, Naughty Anthony, The Cuckoo, The Giri From Maxim's, Wheels Within Wheels, The Degenerates, "Make Way for the Ladies," and "Coralie & Co., Dressmakers!

Singularly enough, whenever there is an utory against the morals of stage peopl and, after all, the morals of players are the business of no one else—the no orious-ly respectable workers of the theatre keep quiet, and the notoriously otherwise do the protesting. This was true when Clement Scott's famous article appeared, and it was true, more recently, when a well-known hotel keeper refused to lodge chorgirls. Now F. F. Mackay, the fataer of Charles and Edward Mackey, and a former actor of repute, has accused managers of commercialism, and replies are coming from the usual unexpected sources. Hayman remarks that "Charles Frohman has produced plays at great expense nimply because he thought they were artistic." Wilbur Bates says "the verity that on firm staged 'Ben Rur' on a chance, no knowing whether or not such a religious theme would be acceptable to the public shows that they do not cater to depravity Noble Charles Frohman! Noble Klaw & Erlanger! Will some one please discover the argument urged against Mr Mackay by Brady & Ziegfeld, who presented "Papa's Wife," by David Belasco, who wrote "Naughty Anthony," and by Dore Davidson, who is to star Julia Morri-

However, immorality on the stage not more objectionable than is complete idiocy. If the New York Manhattan has made a reputation for offering dirty farces, Washington has a house th season's bookings at which, when "Short Acres" and "Secret Service" have been ex-tepted, have consisted entirely of such intelligent works as are "The King of the optum Ring," "The White Heather," "Two Jolly Rovers," "When London Sleeps, "Finnigan's Ball," "Have You Seen Smith," "McFadden's Row of Flats," "Superba," "A Hot Old Time," "Through the Researce," "A Female Description." Breakers." A Female Drummer. "Si Hopkins. A Wise Guy. The King o Rogues. The Evil Eye. "The Gunner. Mato." Over the Fence." Devil's Island. and "The Queen of Chinatown." that for high art?

And the Strakosch Opera Company, which is coming to the Lafayette, is to demans \$1.50 upiece for best seats. This is more than a stock organization ever has aske in Washington. It is precisely twice who the Castle Square people exacted, either the Lafayette or the Columbia, and M: Strakosch never has proved his troupe to

be the equal of that which contained Joseph Sheeban, Lizzie Macnichol, Graca Golden, Raymond Hitchcock, Arthur Golden, Raymond Hitchcock, Arthu-Wooley, William Stewart, Gertrude Quinlan, and-a scene painter.

FRIENDS OF LAST WEEK.

Somehow or other, it seems that stage folk should take success and anti-fat simultaneously. Just as soon as the average actress comes into prominence she begins putting on airs and avoirdupois at an astonishing rate. May Irwin and Marie Dressler and Mrs. Leslie Carter and Minnie Maddern Piske all have grown stout as their box office receipts have increased. Last week the influence was de-cidedly noticeable. At the Lafayette, in "Three Little Lambs," there was Nellie

Here was reason for astonishmen!—
Raymond Hitchcock, the David Tooke of
"Three Little Lambs," having attempted
a part that had called forth the best ideas
of Sir Henry Irving and that had completely bufflet Edwin Booth. "You essayed
Shylock!" exclaimed the reporter.

"I did, quoth Mr. Hitchcock. "Likewise the principal characters in The
Ticket-of-Leave Man. The Corsican
Brothers," and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin. It
was in the early days of my career and
the case was that of the fool and his desire
to go where angels fear to tread. I had
journeyed from Auburn, where all consid-

the motion of personally-conducted electric fans.

Three Little Lambs," there was Nellie Braggins, who used to sing and dame gracefully in "The Three Dragoons," postively wobbling through a simple paster with the way, has quite made necessary the founding of a "Heart-to-Heart-Talks-sen! and shaking the house with her every with Readers" column. There has been an astonishing influx of communications an astonishing influx of communications. Time was when Miss Lord warbled "Follows to the article on every state of the fool and his desire to go where angels fear to tread. I had journeyed from Auburn, where all considered me a prodigy, and had reached New York with hopes that were destined to fade, I falled utterly in the endeavor to secure an engagement and my money became a bright spot in my memory. Finally, I went



EUGEN COURVOISIER AND HIS ROY.

Richard Mansfield's Presentation of "The First Violin," at the Colombia,

low On" and looked demure and innocent enough to pose as the heroine of a "Golden Hair" ditty, But, as Jovilet would say, "things is different now." The for-mer Salvation Army lassie cannot weigh a pound under 180, and she looks a trifle less demure than might a cat with its whiskers full of cream. All this has hap-pened since Miss Lord was here with Hugh Morton's comedy, and as the has climbed the proverbial reider of fame. One fairly could imagine a page in her notebook reading:

EPISODE. WEIGHT.
Engaged for title role in "Toe Belle of New 139 York
Considerable appliance on first night
Pleasant newspaper notices in Boston
Compared to Edua May in Philadelphia
Engaged to follow Miss Whalley in PrisMan

Which comment doubtless is very friv-olous and inbecoming, but which certainly seems pertinent in view of the embonpoint

In all possible serioumers, however, lo calities had every reason to be astonished tast week at the work of Marie Cabi L the Phyllis Argyle of "Three Little Lambe."
It is not too much to say that Mist Cahill, with Raymond Hitcheock and Edmund Lawrence, was the life of the performance. The chie and shapely young woman is comparatively new to Washing-ton, too, or, if she is not, never before made a hit of sufficient importance to be remembered here. In the first of the trio of little roles in the R. A. Barnet offering she was delightful. Her spirit and brightness pervaded the entertainment, she rang well and she was furny without apparent effort. When the furnesque on "Berky Sharp" was reached, Miss Carill proved herself possessed of genuine ability. A closer and yet a more amusing mimicry of Mrs. Fiske could not have been imagined. In voice and manner and gesture the comedienne almost became the marvelous ac tress whose "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" won her a pre-eminent place in her pro-sion. The auditor might have closed eyes at the end of the Lafaveite tray and have thought that he heard Mrs. Fiske repeating, "I'm done for-I'm don

While "Puck" and "Judge" are bein while ruck and dunge are being ublished weekly and every leath jester as a parody that deserves being stylen, it is singular that variet; monologists will ibide by the same jokes and rongs that have served them for decades. The only assible excluse for Law Palmer's present let, which is being shown with the Misco act, which is being shown with the Misco o'City Club." is a semitimental respect for old age. Mr. Palmer's introductory ditty. "I Happened to Be There." has been heard here semi-mentally ever since the premiere of "Hotel Topay Turvy." and his imitations have not varied a trifle in the many years during which he has been before the public. Such material does not resemble. public. Such material does not resembly wine in the effect that time has upon i and Mr. Jalmer either should attempt something less familiar or should step lown and out. This is an age of progreion-even in specialty work.

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS.

"In my estimation, the funniest role ver written is that of Shylock." The statement was made in the lobby or he Riggs House by Raymond Hitchcock, and it produced the effect that might have been anticipated. J. H. Corning, an enthusiastic student of the drama and a riend of the comedian, heard it and gasped for breath. Two casual listeners pulled hard at their cigars. The Times man, who was interviewing Mr. Hitchcock, smothered his urprise, and remarked: "Of course, you are thinking of some particularly cleves surlesque?

originally the character was supposed to scene is convertible into howling farce. So, too, are the dialogues between the Jew and Antonio, the Jew and the Jessica, house was crowded for the occasion, but

on the road with a ten-twenty-thirty oron the road with a ten-twenty-thirty or-ganization, and then assumed the roles I have mentioned. Subsequently, I was manclogist in a minstrel troups and clown with a circus. My first real chance came when I was playing Primes Caramel in The Princess Toto. A fellow who had a venture saw me and decided that he want-ed me. The piece in question was entitled Charley's Uncle, and the remainder of the cast was composed of such fells as for employment since."
"Any ambition toward returning to legi-

tale of Mr. McClusky and his career in the squared circle.

"You see, it was this way," observed Miss Cline, when, after frequent attempts The Times reporter cornered her late or Saturday night a week ago at the fregent, Ten years bank - come this Easter Sunday I was booked to sing at Tong Fractor's Theatre, in New York, for the benefit of a friend, The days before I was devoting to Philadelphia, and one afternoon J. W. Kelly famous wit and ditty writer, remarks been using for a formight and which I think is particularly well adapted to your I know there has been an oversupply of McGintys, but believe my stuff is just a little better than the rest; will you try it?"
"I will," answered I; but I'll change

name. I once knew a had Irishman called McClunky. If you'll consent to my adopting him, I'll try the song at Pastor's next Sonday,"

from the interviewer. Well, you know the remainder. Maggle Cline and her fame are irrevocably linked to the story of McClusky and his strug-

"And 'Arrah, Go On, You're Only Foelsentative. "I don't use it any more; in fact, I've

forgotten the words. I have such 2 had memory. There! Talking to you has made me disregard my dector's orders, which are that I must take a good rest after every performance. I'm dreadfull nervous.

"Truly!" wendered the gonsip-gatherer "Sure! I'm really as shally as is my friend, Mr. Mansfield, only no one will be lieve me, and I de 't get any sympathy. You certainly can see how nervous I am, Ct you?" Well, r-e-s-1-1-y---"

"There, you're as skeptical as the others. I'm going upstairs for my nap. Recollect, I'm almost a wreek." And the vocalist laughed as the elevator carried her heavenward.

Edgar Bixley, a Washington boy who as seen last week at Kernan's, is an intelligent fellow and one of the best storytellers imaginable. On Wednesday night in his dressing-room, the comedian waxed reminiscent concerning his stage experience. "I tried everything in the busi-ness," he declared, "before I struck what seems to be my real line. I did a monalogue and a singing specialty and a must-cal turn. None of the lot created an im-pression. Now I am in burlesque, though zome day I hope to reach higher in the And Mr. Bixley smiled.

"Queer-by the way-how a reputation for lightness bars the road to more earnest achievements," he consumer Once a man becomes known as a merry "Not at all." was the reply. "The part I have in mind was conceived by the late lamented William Shakespeare, and put into a play called 'The Merchant of Venice. It is a generally conceded fact that The Last Chapter failed wholly because originally the character was supposed to be comic, every tendency of the piece and the preción control of the preción control be comic, every tendency of the period pointing in that direction.

Out, whether the Bard intended Saylock as 'relief' of not, there is no creation in his works that can be rendered to laughthat the part left in the part left in the celebrated satirist used to own a rural theather. able. Without departing from the lines brated natirist used to own a rural then or traditional business, the courtroom tree that he lost half his possessions in scene is convertible into howling farce.

and the Jew and Launcelet Gobbo. Certainty, you can understand the humorous possibilities of the speeches. Imagine Iave Warfield going through the 'pound of flesh' portion of the effort, knife and scales in hand, a teil you, the opportunities are so great that a single slip will transform the role. I should know whereof I speak, for I have essayed Shylock frequently."

Here was reason for astonishmeet—
Raymond Hitcheock the Dayld Troke of That's good, commented a rustic in the That's good, commented a rustic in the third row. The crowd haughed for ten minutes. What more do you want in the way of proof of what I have urged?"

In a room at the Gordon so filled with marine pictures that the ordinary land-lubber had only to look about him in order to understand the miseries of sen sickness, The Times man met Agele Ritchie. He The Times man met Agele Ritchie. He did not seek to explain the presence of the waterscapes by asking Miss Ritchie if she had recently joined the W. C. T. U., but, hearing a street plane murdering the "Soldiers in the Park" song from "A Runaway Girl." queried about that.

"Yes," returned Miss Ritchie, "the march you have mentioned was my first genuine success, though I had done good work before in 'The Mandarin' and other comic operas. The melody of the hit is in-

work before in 'The Mandarin' and other comic operas. The melody of the bit is inspiring and the infusion of some dash and vigar made it a triumph producer for ne. Of course, this The Man Behind the Gun in Three Little Lambs' is not its equal, though the music is exceedingly clever when it is considered that E. W. Corliss is an amateur. Originally, William T. Carleion, the Dakotta Dick, of the presentation, rendered the verses, but when I leve that only the wit of the weak must tation, rendered the verses, but when I loud the company the task was assigned. tation, rendered the verses, but when I joined the company the task was assigned to me. It is a task, for a march song must be articulated and articulation is dreadfully hard on the throat. Mine is in so bod a condition that I quit the troupe on Saturday for a varation—perhaps for all time, since I am thoroughly disgusted with prevalent conditions. If I do decide to leave I don't know just what I shall do. I may appear in Charles Frohran's expolitation.

This have for its topic the weaknesses of others. Many of the kindlifest of our poets have been depended to the cample of a few players need be adopted to prove the vice President?"

The Fresident's gloom increased. "This has been a half-hour feast of reagon," he commented, "and during that pe-I don't know just what I shall do. I may appear in Charles Frohram's exploitation of 'The Rose of Persia.' In any case, I suppose I shall have another 'O. Listen to the Band' selection. The nest thing of that sort I've heard this season is in 'The Amser,' although Helen Redmond is too statue-sque to get everything possible out of it.

"And while on the subject of the want you to say a say a subject of the say of th

I want you to say a few words to the gen-tleman who declared that I sang off the key on Monday. I may have done so, but if I did, the fault was entirely with the

"Talk about it!" exclaimed Sam Bernard when a reporter asked for the de-

"Belladonna," prompted Mr. Schindler. Charley's Uncle, and the remainder of the cast was composed of such folk as Jane Stewart and Ted Henley. I expected an awful tumble, but, instead, I made a bit, and I have never been obliged to ask for ampleyment since."

"—and I returned to Piniauenpuse. When I reached the town I couldn't have seen a white elephant standing against a mosuless night. Of course, it wasn't so hard to be blind in Philadelphia, but I had fears that the state might be continued. So I stayed out of the cast three evenings

paniment right and Paul came down stage, make-up and all, to direct... He didn't want. A nur

THE LOUNGERS LEAGUE.

They were discussing wit in the Loung-

era' League. aitainments "is a mental quality, lacking which, mankind would have been much geniler. It is a weapon and, like other weapons, is carried chiefly by the weak Possession prompts its use, and proficiency in handling it, as Shakespeare (Girl" will follow "The Princess Chie" at the Casino Girl" will follow "The Princess Chie" at the Casino Girl" will follow "The Princess Chie" at ays of the rapier, 'breeds reputation, The the Casino.

At the Criterion on Menday a unique tilleiso of the craven, the sword of the rayado, the-

"With" queried the Seargent st-Arms. astonishment.

Quick as a gasp, the Vice President arned on the interrupter. "One of those hings which you have not," he explained. "Come! Come!" the President admon- have gone "Sappho" mad and a dozen ver-

The Vice President seemed serry. "But here is my point," he remarked. "Be-matter of matter of bee to be. here is no fencing with the steel. On ookers do not laugh until some one is tabbed. The famous thrusters invariably save been infamous slaughterers. Pope was a butcher. Sidney Smith cut deep-sit when he wanted most."

"Which was?"
"Do you remember hearing his reply to the jeers that followed his proposal to pave the streets of London with blocks of wood? The concilinen had objected: 'Impossible!' 'Not at all,' answered Smith. 'Gentlemen, lay your heads together and the thing is

"We are being civilized," quoth the First Member. The bright folk of today are less reckless. Can you wish for a pleasanter wit than is Richard Mansfield. An acam told that in youth you lived by your painting, 'No,' returned Mr. Mansileld, 'Despite it.'

'And yet," argued the Vice President, It was Mr. Mausield who overheard a jealous star at a rival's well-attended performance of 'Othelo comment: I won-der how much bad work the public will olerate in Shakespearean dramas?' and who suggested 'Why don't you try them?' "The cut was deserved," applauded the

"Mr. Mansfield witnessed a dispute between two dinner guests a few months ago at the Holland House," put in the First Member. "A was claiming that a player, like a poet, was born. B urged that a player, like a painter, was made. Both appealed to the actor. 'In my opinion,' judged Mr. Mansfeld, 'a player, like Iratic Walton's angler, is first born and then

Which wasn't half bad." "George who comes to the Grand next

han beat his verbal antagonist to a cor-per from which that individual was prone to cry: 'You are impertment.' 'You would be, too,' was the retort, 'were you bright

"I should call that merely smart," the First Member corrected.

"It smarted."
"The purest wit," said the Tressurer, "leaves no wound. To me Dickers seems to have been a greater satirist than was Thackeray. I had rather read John Kendrick Bangs. The Master's Pen than all the gall-tracings of those Englishmen who were bred in the time of Elizabeth."
"And Jerome K. Jerome."
"A humorist."

"And Jerome K. Jerome."

"A humorist."

"If you take up humor," chimed in the Vice President, "I must cite a remark made to me in New York recently by the elder of Behman's Rossow midgets. I was wataing down the street with the little fellow and was talking over the Boer war. I recalled to him the axiom that for every man killed in battle the Weight of two men was fired in lead and powder. That cannot infired in lead and powder. That cannot in-variably apply, he objected, whimsically, I afford only a quarter target and my heft' is less than that of the chap who presents a whole one."

The President was gloomy.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.-Melodrama of Charles Frohman's production of "hearts theatre. The acoustics of the Lafayette are simply droadful, and the fact that the orchestra is under the stage doesn't help of the only two premieres provided. The matters in the least. I very rarely make mistakes of that kind, and you may tell your assistant so, with my compliments."

piece enjoyed considerable success at the Drury Lace, in London, and promises to your assistant so, with my compliments." do well here, though, as a play, pure and simple, its merits are few. This fact, however, is forgotten in the excellence of nard when a reporter asked or this in the interpreting cast and in the ingeni-tails of the accident that nearly cost him the interpreting cast and in the ingeni-ousness of the mechanical devices. The "Talk about it?"

The comodian was scated on a trunk in his room at the Regent, while Louis Wesley, another entertainer, and Paul Schindler, the missical director of the "The Man in the Moon, Jr." organization, Lounged about in true Bohemian fashion. The visitor occupied a section of hed.

"Talk about it!" continued Mr. Bernard, doing so. "The thing happened in the middle of a performance. I was chatting with Wesley and trying to get rid of my putty nose, which I don't wear in the burlesque on Romeo and Juliet. An invitation card on the table attracted my attention, and I started to scrape with that. The implement slioped and the corner cut right into the pupil of my eye. I finished the piece with a handkerchief to my face and went to New York for the my face and went to New York for the my face and went to New York for the middle of the piece with a handkerchief to my face and went to New York for the my face and went to New York for the stage of Cecil Raleigh's work deals with a Michael Wain, an old North-countryman, who returns from Australia with a fortune and the determination of being revenged upon the family of a deceased lord, who had chested a brother out of his ferm. Wain does not know that his relative was the husband of this lord's daughter, by whom he had a child. Accordingly, be goes in for his vengeance with eagerness that you have the husband of this lord's daughter, by whom he had a child. Accordingly, be goes in for his vengeance with eagerness that you have the husband of this lord's daughter, by whom he had a child. Accordingly, be goes in for his vengeance with eagerness that you have the had a child. Accordingly, he goes in for his vengeance with eagerness that you have the had a child. Accordingly, he goes in for his vengeance with eagerness that you have the family of a deceased lord, who had a child deserted a brother out of his ferm.

Talk about it? The comedian was seated on a trunk in story of Cecil Raleigh's work deals with my face and went to New York for the purpose of rehearsing my role in 'The Casino Girl'—"

"You know, 'The Man in the Moon, Jr.,'

"You know, 'The Man in the Moon, Jr "You know. The Man in the Moon, Jr.," closes here on Saturday," interpolated Mr. Wesley.

"The wound got worse and worse. I visited a physician and he advised me to rest. In twenty years I have never missed t show, however, and i didn't care to bedin then. So the doctor squirted some one..."

"The Second of the premieres was furnished on Thursday night at the season."

through the season.

The second of the premieres was furnished on Thursday night at the Bijou, where May Irwin has concluded her engagement in "Sister Mary." The new offering is entitled "Aunt Hannah," the exposition of the family being continued. It is a musical farce, the meiodies being the work of A. B. Sloan, while Clay M. Greene and Matthew J. Royal are responsible for the lyrics and book. "Aunt Hannah" is quite amusing.

"Any ambilion toward returning to legitimate parts?" queried the gossip-gatherer, "I'm a comedian," asswered Mr. Hitch-cock.

And The Times critic fancied that be found a double meaning in the claim.

Maggie Cline declares that if there never had been a J. W. Kelly, "The Rolling Mill of place. When I did my dance in the Man," the world would have missed, the Man," the world would have missed, the "The Massot" is being sung by the Cas-

A number of the current attractions still make-up and all, to direct. He dust wast to be pushed into the footlight trough, either—you remember that incident between Sam and me—and fought like a Tropan when I tried to shove him. He was a wonder?"

"Well." said Mr. Schindler, "you'd be a "Well." said Mr. I was a consider." And the porter knocked at the door to equest two seals for that night.

We Were Twenty-one," which is at the Knickerbocker: "Naughty Anthony," which is at the Herald Square; "Sherfock Holmes," which is at the Garrick; "Papa's Wife," which is at the Manhattan; "Sap-pho," which is at Wallack's, "The Ambas-sador," which is at Daly's; "Coralie & Co. Dressmakers," which is at the Madison "There," gravely observed the Vice of the Lyceum, and "Way Down State," President, whose general autopularity was due largely to the superiority of his K. Hackett will follow Maude Adams at

entertainment is premised in an exhibi-tion of 347 life-sized pictures of scenes from plays that have been done here with-in the past decade. The photographs are by Joseph Byron and admittance will be

by invitation only.

Since Olga Nethersole's local production of Clyde Fitch's drama, managers sions of the piece are to be exploited. Harlem even has an organization known as the "Sappho" Burlesquers. Which, as a matter of fact, all these companies prom-NANCY SYKES.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Mmc. Molba is to be married. William Gillette's season in Holmes" will close early in April. Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is to be

acted in England and Australia, though not by Mrs. Fiske. Jennie Yeamans will be seen as a boy in the coming Koster & Bial's production

of "The Regatta Girl." Olive Redpath, of "Naugthy Anthony," is to go a-starring. Few women in her

line are better qualified. The receipts of the first ninety-two per-formances of "Hen Hur," given at the Brondway Theatre, amounted to \$184,328.

Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Eoven are writing a sequel to "Robin Hood." The piece will be entitled "The Sheriff of Nottingham." The New York critics speak most Lighly of the work of Percy Leach, a Washing-ton boy, who is supporting Lillian Burk-hart in vandeville.

Israel Zangwill has sued the "New York Sun" for damages said to have been a tained by him through Franklin Fyles criticism of "Children of the Ghetto." Justin Huntly McCarthy is said to be writing a comedy for Thomas Wise, the exceedingly clever actor who was seen here most recently as the prospector in

"The Last Chapter." Walter Stetson, a Washingtonian, and Seims Forester have closed with the "A Busy Day" company and are on the Proc-tor circuit with their new George Cohan skit, "I Want to Know."

After a run of hardly over two months-a run sustained by the aid of every means Cohan, who comes to the Grand next as the power of its producers. "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" is about to be taken obved in an argument with a celebrated cocruit from the legitimate for water he judgment of Glen Macdonough's "brilad contracted to write a sketch. Mr. Co- liont" work was not far wrong, after all,